BED-TIME.

When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I go to An' watch the chunks a crumblin' into ashes An' hear the back-log sighin' fer the trees it

growed among. Where the noisy blackbird whistled an' the cheery robin sung. An' it's so still 'at you kin hear the purrin' of the cat An' the crinklin' of the coolin' coals the dog's

a-blinkin' at: Then I git so awful lonesome I 'most wish 'at I was dead. When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I go to

The clock ticks louder 'n' faster 'an I ever When I ust ter wisht I was a man an'ever' thing the people. was new; Fer then the wheels went all too slow that now

go round so fast, When I rikollect my blessin's an' how many of em's past.

An' the long, thin hands a pintin' at the figgers Keep a goin', never stoppin', that most lone somest of sound. Fer the comin' of the livin' or the goin' of the

When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I go to

Then I hear the back-log sighin' fer the tree at' it growed on An' fall to thinkin' back about the days 'at's dead an' gone Till I ketch myself a-sighin' like a tree 'at's old

A-rockin' in the wind with half its branches lopped away; Fer no one knows, exceptin' me, how much I miss the boys With their eternal rompin' an' their everlastin'

'At ust to drowned out gran'pap's clock a strikin' overhead, When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I go to

Then I allurs feel much lonesomer a-thinkin' of 'em all. With my hair an' whiskers whitened by the frosts of early fall,

A-rockin' and a-dozin' in the same old fambly Where father sat with mother by him fondly strokin' his gray hair; Fer at my time o' life the nopes o' boyhood all

at last Are lyin' dead an' buried in the ashes o' the An' the old clock's selemn warnin' clangs out suddint overhead: "Come, kiver up the fire, old man; its time to

-Edwin S. Hopkins, in Judge.

MARRIED A SOLICITOR.

The Way Hannah's Husband Became Rich and a Lawyer.



ANNAH was young: Hannah was decidedly pretty-a bove handy, civil and obliging.

When at last. after nine years of service in the capacity of ladies' maid to Mrs. Phillips

and her two daughters, who reside, as all the world, of course, knows, at 23 Lansdowne place, in the great city of London, Hannah announced her intention of getting married, her mistress, who had been rather backward during her term of servitude in recognizing her many virtues, was compelled to admit them and immediately declared that she wouldn't know what to do when Hannah had gone-in fact that Hannah had become indispensable.

Mrs. Phillips' chagrin at the loss of Hannah, the paragon, was not lessened when she discovered that henceforth her ci devant servant was to be her equal socially; that is, if the unwritten law which raises the wife to the dignity of the husband's status held good, for Hannah had met her King Cophetua. A member of one of the learned professions had stooped to unite his fortunes with hers. Hannah, with just a spice of triumph in her voice, had informed her mistress that she was to be married

to a solicitor. Now even though it took an act of Parliament in England to enroll this numerous body of gentlemen upon the scroll of the "socially accepted," and though Mrs. Phillips was well aware of that fact, and while for her own daughter she would have scorned an allianceunless he was very, very well to do,



"AN' I'M GOIN' TO SET ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY."

of Parliament to make him a gentleman, yet she was fully alive to the fact that Hannah had done something won-

derful. And after all, Hannah bad been her maid, and had so profited by the example of herself and daughters, doubtless, that as a duck will almost become Frances, whose pretty little nose was arose, and seeing a bell-cord, pulled it. | with pitiful petulancy: "But I want a hen when raised with chickens, Han- still flattened meditatively against the nah, from constant intimacy with such | window-pane, cried out: polished people, had almost accumulated enough of the gold of refinement | beggar coming up the walk, on crutches. to so gild herself that the brass beneath | What on earth shall we do? Why, he's time. Finally he said: "What do I and it is long before even children unwas not discernible.

Lansdowne place, she departed not only | Come here, dear, do, pray." with the blessing of her mistress and | But Hannah had already started for something handsome in the way of a the front door. Through the portiere tea, and an egg or a chop for a penny. gone. There are things that make her present, but with the assurance of that they could hear the murmur of voices, Then, sir, I bring you a plate, cup and seem so real, so near. And so the baby great lady's friendship and esteem.

been mainly due to Mrs. Phillips' admirable example, and why, oh, why, ing: should she not be proud of her?

The young ladies, who not being perched upon pedestals of dignity quite so lofty as their august mamma, had face, had already risen from her chair, pot of tea, a picturesque fried egg, two during these nine years frequently descended therefrom-sometimes indeed fallen off-in fact, to abandon metaphor and come down to plain English, they mance in your life. I know all about it. almost as big as the one he was to eat Jury. had taken Hannah to their hearts long It's simply splendid."

so excellent a young person deserved to be treated. The three girls had be- will all be explained presently. Hush, come fast friends. But then Emily she is coming back. Phillips was only fifteen and Frances

but eighteen months her senior. West End, the three girls had sat by the back way." warming their toes at the fire in the big drawing-room, whilst Hannah had own story," replied Emily Phillips, told them weird stories of the great laughing immoderately at the look of East End, which the Phillips girls had profound astonishment on her mother's never been allowed to see, and which to face. "Ah, here he is. How do you do, them was only a land of poor people, Mr. Richard Fortescue?" dirt, toil and general misery.

beneath the rags of a beggar, young ened to one of absolute bewilderment, ladies," had been one of Hannah's as a young man, in the refinement of favorite remarks, and though in time whose aress and manners no trace of his she came to express herself somewhat early surroundings was apparent, admore in accordance with the rules of vanced and welcomed her. Mr. Lindley Murray, yet the sentiment remained the same with her to the end. | pleasure," said he, "when we have had Truly, notwithstanding all the late advantages, Hannah was yet a child of come, as we had an important case on

How she had missed the glitter and glare of the Whitechapel Road, the of conversation, the strangest story they Saturday night at the Music Hall, the had ever listened to: delicious supper of coppery-tasting 'Eight years ago as a poor coster-British oysters, taken standing in the monger in the East End. I became sudrain after midnight, whilst the air denly imbued with an ambition to rise sounded with the myriad cries of the street venders, none but she could tell. Had she been made of less pliable material she must have been broken in

the process of becoming a "lady." Dick Fortescue, the costermonger, whose attentions had at first been confined to invitations to the pit of the "Vie" and trips to the Surrey Gardens, the place according to the advertise ments, "to spend a happy day," had missed her more than any one.

It was known in the select circles of Petticoat Lane that he had written several frantic epistles to Hannah since her transmutation to higher spheres; that receiving but little encouragement, he had one evening sworn over a pot of porter in the presence of some of his pals that he would have Hannah vet.

"Ef she has set 'er mind on bein' : lady, the only way to get 'er is to be a gentleman," he had remarked, "an' I'm goin' to set about it right away."

"How's you goin' ter do it, Dick?" inquired skeptical Mr. Barney Fisher. "I'm going to give up my barrer, an' sell the moke," replied Dick, steadfastly. "No, thank yer. I don't wan' no more porter."

"Well, it ain't a goin' to waste, you can bet on that," remarked Mr. Fisher, strange opportunity in my way. Walkand he put it where it would do the most good.

Dick kept his word. He sold his costermonger's barrow and his donkey, shedding a few tears, it is true, over parting with the latter. And then the Whitechapel Road and

Petticoat Lane knew him no more. others that he had jumped off South- when I heard some one running after wark bridge; still others that he had all. Hannah skipped as a sailor and gone to Mel- was the old man. 'I'm tired of this was bright, bourne to seek his fortune.

Dick had done nothing of city-of which more hereafter. In the shall have it if you want it.' I thought evenings he went to night-school.

nah's departure from Lansdowne place, apparently abounded. 'Forty thousand when a little pink note found its way to people,' he said, 'pass over London Mrs. Phillips' breakfast-plate, contain- bridge every hour of the day. A large ing a nicely-worded invitation from her percentage of them give. My income former maid to dine with herself and has averaged thirteen pounds per day husband. It bore the address: "The for the last ten years. I am rich. But Oaks, Clapham Common." There was a I am also very old, I am willing to re-P. S. saying: "It would be delightful tire. Take my rags and my crutches; if you could all come early. We can take my wig; my stock of wounds, scars have a cup of tea and a chat before din- and withered limbs-they are the best

all three ladies seated in Hannah's weeks in the guise of the old beggar I drawing-room. The honest little took my stand on London bridge, to woman's face was aglow with pleas- find that a perfect harvest was regularly ure as she entertained her former mis- poured into my lap. The old man, whom tress and her "dear young ladies," as I so closely imitated that none could she still persisted in calling them.

vember, the dreariest month in all the living would vet pinch a sixpence from dreary London calendar, where three their scanty pay; rich merchants tossed days of sunshine constitute a summer, me half crowns, and even the poorest of and it always rains more or less every the poor gave their half-pence. People day of the week.

the tea, and Hannah, how improved. come a professional 'solicitor' and was Quite at her ease, she led them through | growing rich. her house and showed them every thing. No, not every thing. The door of one room alone she did not open.

"That is my husband's den," she said. 'Nobody ever enters it except him-

They were back again in the drawingcoom. It was close on seven o'clock. Frances was flattening her nose against the window-pane and looking out upon the neatly-kept garden in front of the louse. Mrs. Phillips, Emily and Hannah were engaged with a portfolio of drawings-Hannah's own. One in particular attracted their attention. It was a portrait of an old beggar on crutches. A roguish smile was on his face as he stood, despite his rags, a sturdy, independent figure, admirably outlined in black and white. He was apparently

about fifty years of age. Underneath, strangely enough, as if n fanciful recollection of her favorite saving, Hannah had written:

"There's many a warm heart that beats beneath the rags of a beggar." Hannah's eyes were filled with unbidden tears as she gazed upon her own handiwork.

"That is my favorite drawing," she said. "Prof. Dubarry says it's my masterpiece. "It's very well done," assented Mrs.

Phillips. "Though it is the portrait of a beggar, you have succeeded in making which makes it quite another thing you | it attractive. There is absolutely nothknow-with a man who required an act | ing repulsive about it. Art has ideal-

"Repulsive!" ejaculated Hannah, as

She checked herself suddenly. one knows, for just at that moment time and to strain a cartman's back. He

When Hannah, therefore, left 23 he's letting himself in with a latch-key.

one, the man's, in joyous and hearty saucer, a penny pat of butter, and a goes hunting for mamma. May all such Hannah's social success had, after all, greeting, as he flung his crutches into knife and fork and napkin." a corner. The other, the woman's, say- "Well, bring me what you think best," "O, Dick, how could you. Didn't I

tell you we had company this evening?" Mrs. Phillips, a vague alarm on her was seated at a table with a steaming when Emily pulled her down.

"You stop and see this out, mamma. If you don't you'll miss the greatest ro- England) a tiny pat of butter on a plate

ago, and as far as their mamma's rigid "You know all about it! Child! what ideas would permit had treated her as do you mean?"

"Hush, mother, don't be absurd. 1

Hannah entered the room smiling. "You had better tell them, Emily," she Many an evening when mamma was said. "I'm afraid Dick has let the cat 'plunging" at some swell affair in the out of the bag. He should have come in

"Then I think Dick should tell his

The look of astonishment on the "There's many a warm heart as beats countenance of Mrs. Phillips strength-

"You shall have my story, with dinner. Bromley, my partner, couldn't hand, but you'll take my word for it." And as they ate he told them, in lieu



HE WAS IN RAGS. in the world-the cause of it the lady who sits at the other end of this table All my worldly goods at that time consisted of a costermonger's cart and a donkey, and notwithstanding my ambition I didn't see my way clear, and probably should never have got beyond mere thinking, when chance threw a ing over London bridge one night, I was appealed to for aid by a poor old beggar. It was bitter weather, and I stopped and looked at him. He was in rags; his flesh was blue and pinched with cold. He was very feeble and wretched. I gave him a shilling, saying: 'It's half of all I've got in the world, but Some said he had gone to America; vou're welcome to it.' I had passed on me and felt a hand on my shoulder. It ly at me. 'Do you want to be rich? In the daytime he was at work in the I'm goin' to give up my stand, and you he was crazy at first, but he was not. Three months had elapsed since Han- He took me to his home where wealth

in the market.' Four o'clock, two days later, found "I accepted the old man's offer, and for detect the difference, had many regular It was a wet, dismal afternoon in No- patrons. Clerks struggling for a bare who thought that I was dead or had How cozy the fire was, how excellent | emigrated little dreamed that I had be-

"But I was using my money to what I believed was a wise end. At night time I engaged in the work of educating myself. I hired competent teachers and made surprising progress. Four years ago I entered the office of a solicitor who has the largest criminal practice in London and who knew my secret. Two weeks ago I was admitted into partnership. To-day I attended the Beggars' Exchange and sold my stand on London bridge for £18,000. I am a fortune to any legal practitioner, for I know every criminal in town-not every one can get

a partner like me." "And not every one can get such a husband," whispered Hannah to Emily

at the bottom of the table. "One thing I beg of you all to do." said Fortescue as he continued his story, "never go over London bridge without giving something to my successor, or if you should be broke in the city and want to borrow a little, just mention my name and he'll be perfectly willing to oblige you."-Austyn Granville, in Chicago Journal.

ECONOMICAL LIVING.

In London It Costs About Eight Cents to

A once famous American disappeared from New York some years ago and months afterward was recognized in London. He told me that it seemed to him that he lost consciousness here and regained it there, every thing between his mind. He awoke one morning in a gone," that "God took her," that she is though the very thought was shocking | queer little bedroom, with chintz curtains and a grate fire and a comical ped and anciest furniture, built, like every What she would have said further, no thing portable in England, to resist A little woman in a mob-cap and apron responded. He asked her where he was, "O. Hannah, here's a dreadful old and what she understood his name and business to be, and how he spent his say you do, every morning?"

said he, and he gave her fourpence, as Free Press. she suggested.

In half an hour or less, he says, he or three slices of toast, a plate and knife and fork, and (as is the rule in for you?" on. That, he says, is the way needy bachelors live in the modern Babylon. -Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

PROTECTED BY TABBY.

under the eaves of an old farmhouse.

One Instance in Which Virtue Triumphed Even in Feline Nature. In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nest

They lived together harmoniously and caught the early worm, and in the course of time had a family. Among the attaches of the farmer's household was a white cat, and, when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs that were daily thrown to them, the cat, in a murderous spirit, would lie in wait for them, and several times came within an ace of catching the old birds. When the old farmer noticed this he kicked the cat whenever she was detected in her murderous work. It didn't take the cat very long to learn thatit wasnt healthy to fool with those birds and that they were as much a part of the family as she was. Toward the middle of the summer, when the baby wrens in their nest under the eaves were big enough to place themselves in peril by clambering around the nest, one of them one day fell out, and in spite of its frantic flutterings came to the ground. and, being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless in the grass. The cat saw the accident, and, following the first instincts of her kind, ran rapidly to seize the bird. Before she got to it, however, she seemed to remember that this was a part of the family which she was taught by the farmer's foot not to touch, and so when she got near the little helpless thing she touched it daintily once or twice with a paw in which the claws were sheathed as though inviting it to play, and then lay down and watched it. A vellow garden snake had seen the bird come down, and came wriggling through the grass toward it. Its bead-like eyes were gleaming, its forked tongue protruded, and when it itself and got ready for a spring. Now the cat was old, and when she knew that she must not eat the bird and that the bird was too young to play with she had dropped off into a dose. She was awakened by some thing fluttering against her face. The little bird, alarmed at the approach of the snake. had fled for succor to the cat. The first thing that attracted the attention of the cat when she opened her eyes was the upraised head of the snake. She realized the situation instantly, and, ris- Blade. ing to her feet, she spat and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake didn't appreciate, but still it was hungry and was bound to have the bird, so it darted forward and attempted to seize it under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head and with one bite killed it. This happened along in the afternoon, and after supper the farmer came out to feed the cat. He stood on the piazza and called it, and heard the cat reply; he called again, and again heard the cat. He went down to investigate, and there business,' he said, as he looked earnest- | found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The old wrens were hovering around in the air in a very anxious state of mind. The farmer restored their baby to its nest. - N. Y. Sun.

HUNTING FOR MAMMA.

The sorrowful songs have been sung, the tender prayers have been said, the last sad words have been uttered, all that love and sympathy and tenderness could suggest has been done for the wife and mother calmly resting in her satin-lined coffin under masses of beau-

tiful flowers. Suddenly the door of an upper room opens and a sweet childish voice says

find my mamma."

"No, no, dear," says the nurse with a suggestion of tears in her voice, while she furtively wipes her eyes, "come with me, like a good little girl." "No, I want my mamma, I haven't

"But, baby, dear mamma isn't-she isn't-here.

"Where is mamma then? She is here,

row is there any thing more sad, any thing more pitiful than the pleading, wondering cry of a little child too simple to understand the mystery of death and yet dimly comprehending that a change of some kind has taken place? Is there any thing that touches the heart more deeply than to answer the pleading, pitiful questions: "Where is mamma?" "Why don't she come?" "She has gone away where?" "Won't

"Can't I go up to Heaven and see her?" The eyes of the little questioner open wide and there is a perplexed and dissatisfied look on her face saying plainly that she does not understand what the loss and recovery being a blank in | you mean by saying that "mamma is

> You try tearfully to make it plain to the child and to have her understand that she will see mamma again 'sometime," but again the little voice says my mamma now, and I'm going to hunt until I find her."

Whata sorrowful, disappointing search it is! It ends in tears and heartache. coming up the front steps, and I declare usually do when you come up, as you derstand that mamma will come no more to the little ones calling vainly "Well, sir," she replied, "you usually for her. Every thing is full of touches order a penny roll, a pennyworth of and suggestions of the mother who is sorrowful little ones find their best people down this way. I don't know

"Yes, you'll fill the bill, I think."-

year to London.

PITH AND POINT.

-No. Indeed, no Pi.-Editor's wife-"Do you like pie, dear?" Editor-"Heavens! No."-Yankee Blade.

-Teacher (to class)-"What is velocity?" Bright Youth -- "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

-Sunday-School Teacher. -- "Now,

scholars, what do you understand by a 'movable feast?" Pupil-"A picnic."--Indignant Young Man-"Waiter, your coatsleeve dipped into this lady's soup." Obliging Waiter-"Don't men-

tion it, sir; it will wash out. What kind of fish, please?" -A Boston clergyman, in an evidently hastily-written advertisement, asks for "A young man to take charge of a span of horses of a religious turn of

mind."-Christian Reporter. -Rider-"I would like to sell this horse; he's just eating his head off." Walker-"Well, I think that will improve him."-Brooklyn Life.

-The Absent Friend.-Jack-"Isn't Adele an enthusiastic dancer?" Maud--"Yes, poor girl; she is getting to an age when she must be."-Puck.

rant. "He's gone home to dinner, sir," replied a waiter. - Harper's Bazar. -A Good Word-Belle (in a pout)-"Haven't you one good word to say of

my lover?" Bess-"Yes, indeed, Belle, dear, he has a very pretty name."-Yankee Blade. -He Had-"Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you forgotten something?" said the waiter to the guest who was depart-

awfully. - West Shore. -"Think that young doctor understands his business pretty well?" "I got within two feet of the bird it curled | think not. I heard several of the older physicians praising him yesterday."-

Indianapolis Journal. -That Settled It - "I'm the most important animal in the show," boasted the sacred white elephant. "Nonsense!" roared the lion. "I'm the mane attrac-

tion myself."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. -A Suggestion. - "What did the editor say about that last story of yours, Fred?" "Said it wasn't worth the paper it was written upon." "Why don't you try poorer paper next time?"-Yankee

-"What part do I take?" said Chap-"You are to be the heroine's father," replied the stage manager. "What does he do?" "He dies ten years before the curtain rises on the first act."

-New York Herald. -Mamma (to Little Nellie)-"Would my little girl like to go out with mamma and look at the stars?" Little Nellie-"Oh, yes; and I want you to show me the dog-star, mamma-that is if its and it is criminal and heartless, just as muzzled, so it can't bite."-Epoch.

-Mr. Ticks-"Adam was certainly in great luck." Miss Wickles-"How was that?" Mr. Ticks-"Why, when he got a wife he had only to give up a rib; has just to think of getting married."-Boston Courier.

-"Blobson," said the millionaire, "here are twenty begging letters. Give them all a refusal." "Yes, sir." "You will note that a two-cent stamp is inclosed in each for an answer." "Yes, sir." "Well, answer them all on postals."-American Stationer.

-Justification. - "What, my child! And he goes to balls while he yet wears him off. Sometimes, forced by hunger, ing machine will be perfected, others be!" "O but, mamma, really you should corn field and scratch for grub; but he when, by wiser and more just laws, have seen how beautifully sadly he never got enough to satisfy him before every drone of the community will be danced!"-Fliegende Blatter.

-Amateur Theatricals .- "And what's my part to be?" asked Chollie. "I've written the part for you and I know Idiot Boy who witnesses the murder, and doesn't tell until the last act," replied Scribuler.-N. Y. Sun.

-Miss Flighty-"Here is an account of a woman of great intelligence who is deaf, dumb and blind." Miss Giddy-"Does it mention her address?" Miss Flighty-"No; why?" Miss Giddy-"I was thinking what a lovely chaperon she would make."-America.

A WONDERFUL PEOPLE.

A Colored Wharf Hand Talks Philosophy

A gentleman who has the management of a business that requires a large number of negroes, said to one of his employes recently: "Sam, the colored people are a wonderful people, are they

It was dinner time, and Sam looked up from his tin dinner kettle and replied: "Yes, sah. They can get 'long with less money, and have more loafing time than any people I know of. They are heap better off than white folks. They don't have any thing to worry them. You know, boss, colored people get their eating for almost nothing, and, if they don't drink whisky, a little money goes a long way with them. If he can always get a good dinner, a regular white man's dinner, for nothing White folks don't object to their cooks giving a colored man dinner occasionally, and if he has a few acquaintances who cook he gets on very well in the eating line. Of course, some colored men have to 'keep house,' but that don't always prevent them from going around and don't make living cost much, because his old woman, if he has one, takes in washing or does other things help along. And, boss, you know colored men get along just as well single

or married or married as single. "Yes, sah, the colored folks are a wonderful people. Any body's clothes fits them. Your clothes will fit me. A colored man with your old clothes on and with his shoes blacked looks just as well as a white man with a new \$75 suit. He don't mind wearing any white man's clothes, never mind what his size is; they will fit or he will make them

"Then, boss, you know a colored man can sleep anywhere. He don't want a bed. He can lie right down here and sleep. This plank is good enough for me. And you know the colored man, he is civil and handy, can get lots of good things from white people for nothing. I mean from mammas in the Heavenly land!-Detroit | how it is in the north or up in the country. I ain't got a thing on me now that cost me a cent.

> in the sunshine and almost wait for the | His daughter had him in her arms at the victuals to come to him."- Savannah time, and before she could grasp him killed two hundred chickens in battle.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

. "That's so! that's so!" croaked several crows in the crowa. "Shut up, you fools!" shouted Roger Rook's chaplain; "what do you know about it?" And the fools shut up.

The red-breasted crow was as mild as ever, but his duty was plain. "Such irreligious sentiments strike at the very base of society," he said. "A nest is part of a tree; grub is part of acorn field. If a crow can not own a tree or a corn field he can not own nests or grub -the greater includes the less. I beg

you to retract."

"I can not," Father Caw answered. "Then you must bear the consequences," said his redness; and forthwith Father Caw was seized, stripped of his feathers, and thrown to the ground. Meantime Qui Fassett had been forgotten. But when Father Caw was disposed of, the attention of the crowd was which the victims accidentally tumble, turned to the shameless agitator. He was arrested and carried before the same magistrate who punished the crows that | escaping. The mystery of Qui Fassett's had called him a scab. When the charge was explained, the magistrate, with all His case may be an isolated one, but it -"Where's the proprietor?" asked a man as he entered a down-town restau- the severity he could command, said to

Qui: "I am surprised that a crow so intelligent should be a disturber, arousing discontent among crows and preaching doctrines that no one ever heard of be-

"I am only preaching the doctrine I heard you teach," replied Mr. Fassett. "What!" croaked the magistrate, half angry at Qui's impudence, and half curious to know what he meant. "Exing. "Oh, ves, my umbrella! Thanks, plain yourself, sir!"

"When I first became a crow," said Qui, "I was insulted and attacked as a seab by a flock of working crows. The ringleaders were brought before you and you punished them."

"Yes; that's so; I remember it," the magistrate mumbled, bobbing his head. "Well," Qui went on, "when you punished them you lectured them."

'I always do," said the magistrate. "You lectured them on the criminality and heartlessness of preventing other crows from working for a living." "True enough," said the magistrate;

but what has that to do with your case? "This," answered Qui. "When I went to look for work, I found that a few crows owned all the cornfields and all the trees, and they wouldn't let me scratch in the fields unless I would give them all the grub I got except three worms a day, and I couldn't get a place to per is not, or ought not to be, the giving roost except on a limb of a tree where my boss had his nest. And I found other crows in the . ame predicament. This, said I to myself, is an ingenious way of preventing crows from working for aliving,

the good magistrate said." "Ten days!" exclaimed the magistrate, 'and don't come here again." So poor Qui was taken to the trunk of and now it takes all the backbone a hole. After fluttering around the hol- much, nor that too cheap. That it is low trunk, he finally fell to the bottom | not policy to encourage the use of laboramong a crowd of filthy crows, who saving machines, for fear of destroying

wanted to divide up crow property. You danced last night with the Colonel? | a policeman crow would fly over to warn | they can help. The existing labor-savmourning! What a light man he must he would stealthily drop down into a will be invented, and a day will come the approach of a flock of crows from an adjoining field would oblige him to leave. Having had many escapes from arrest gether, instead of fighting each other as for trespass, and not a few for stealing, you'll do it well. You are to be the and finding it utterly impossible to get day will produce enough to satisfy all

a place to build a nest or a piece of necessary wants and a good many luxground in which to scratch for grub on uries besides. his own account, Qui hunted for a job; his appearance was so repulsive, he was | that "removing the necessity for labor so evidently a mere tramp crow, that all means idleness, idiocy, disease and employment was refused.

Finally, one day, half-starved, ragged, dirty and despondent, he was overjoyed at seeing his own house. Flying quickly toward it he alighted on the porch. There was his wife and little girl, but neither saw him. "I do wish," he overheard the little girl say, "that papa would come back." His wife made no reply. She only wept.

"May, dear," said Mr. Fassett, "papa is back. His wife and child started, and Qui was about to rush at them both with

open arms, when the little girl exclaim-"Oh, it's only an old crow, mamma; but how tame it is."

All of Qui's joy forsook him. In the excitement he had forgotten that he was a crow, but his daughter's exclamation reminded him of his helpless condition. His wife, still weeping, went into the house, while the little girl approached her father cautiously, lest who have monopolized the natural he might fly away, and taking him in her lap smoothed his ruffled feathers. owned the men; owning the men, they a colored man has friends around town He tried to make himself known to her, but all his efforts to talk resulted only in croaks, intelligible enough to a crow, but meaningless to the child. To Qui's astonishment, however, the cathis old pet cat-understood him, and her miaous were as intelligible to him their natural rights unite and reassers as the dialect of the Swede who worked them, and labor-saving devices will on his farm. While puss looked up at | prove a blessing.-Edward Fairview. the crow, occasionally uttering a long drawn miaou, and the crow croaked, the child feared the cat wanted to dine off of her crow and that the crow was frightened: but that wasn't the case all. The cat and Mr. Fassett were engaged in conversation, from which Fassett learned that he had disappeared some three months before, and that the greatest ex- their sexual maturity, or even if they citement had prevailed in the community, while his wife had suffered intensely. "And I have missed you very much

myself, Mr. Fassett," said the cat. Qui learned a great deal from the cat about what had happened, but that was ship. One continually gesticulates nothing to him beside the instruction it with his open and ungloved hand gave him in the way of becoming him- because he happens to have a self once more. "You can not change very beautiful one; another is back again," explained the cat, "unless always frawing attention to his feet you go to the same spot on the lawn shod with such delicate gear, because where you became a crow, and in the they are extremely small. Countess hearing of the last person you talked to A --- is always smiling, even if speakwhile you were Q. Fassett, Esq., say ing of a funeral, because she has ad-

spell came over you." "Yes, boss, colored people is the bed, for the little girl took excellent fashion to wear them loose, because he Lord's people. He takes care of them. care of him; but often enough he feared has the legs of an Apollo; and his sister If a colored man don't get along in the that he would not see the builder until never takes off her gloves, even at table, world better than a white man it is his the family returned to the city and then because her hands are spotted .- Signor own fault. The colored man, sah, is he would have to remain a crow all win- Mantegazza's "Physiognomy and Exjest what you say of him, 'a wonderful ter. But one day, to his great joy, he pression." man.' If he works a little he can sleep saw the builder coming up the walk.

tightly his wings were spread and he was away. Up over the tree he want and then down upon the lawn where he had thrown himself in the early summer. He lost no time, for he feared the builder might get out of his hearing,

and opening his bill to the utmost he croaked:

"Oh dear! oh dear! shall I ever be able to sell those lots!" But it was not a croak. It was the veritable voice of Q. Fassett, Esq., and there stood Qui in his own proper per-

"My God!" ejaculated the builder. Mr. Fassett's little girl never saw her pet crow again.

Though there are many mysterious disappearances recorded in the police archives, lew are ever explained. Some attempts at explanation have been made, but they are mainly speculative. The most plausible speculation of this kind was elaborated by a journalist a few years ago, who attributed these disappearances to holes in space, into and are forever afterward invisible, intangible, immortal and incapable of disappearance is truthfully given here. is wholly improbable that transformations such as his occur, and that the victims are helpless for want of the aid of some intelligent and friendly cat? LEWIS FREELAND.

LABOR SAVING INVENTIONS.

Why They Seem to Be a Curse, and How They Might Bring a Blessing. A writer in one of the labor papers complains of the extensive use which newspapers make of stereotype plates. In his honest indignation he says: "Labor papers have no business to touch the contaminated things." And again: "They are up to the times, buy in the cheapest market, and patronize every thing that happens to be labor saving, even when they know that it is labor destroying." Evidently the writer has studied only the surface of the problem, when the cause of the evil lies much

He forgets that the editor of a labor

paper is the victim of a system he has not created, and that it is not his fault if there are more people willing to write editorials or compositors needing employment than he can reasonably find room for. He is bound to give the workingman a paper at the current prices and avail himself of those economies which will keep the costs within a certain limit. The object of the labor paof employment to the unemployed, but to educate the masses and explain to them how and why there are so many men unemployed; and also to indicate the reforms which are necessary to prevent in the future the continuation of such an unnatural state. The labor-saving device in itself can not be an evil, especially in regard to printed matter, of which, when not coran old tree and pushed through a knot ruptive of morals, there never can be too pecked at him, pulled out his feathers | the opportunities for labor, is an arguand made fun of him as the crow who ment no better than the one the protectionist would make us believe, viz.: that At last Qui's term of imprisonment ex- it is better to produce in this country pired and he took to flight. He was a certain articles at double the cost than sad looking crow, and whenever he tried | to import them and pay for them with to alight on the limb of some tree that articles we can produce ourselves at sinhad a particularly deserted appearance gle cost. Men will not work more than

Let not the well meaning correspondbut to every crow to whom he applied ent be alarmed and believe as he says. death-social suicide." When the happy times which I have referred to come, there will be a good deal of useful leisure-not elegant leisure, as now in certain classes. Then labor will be honored, not looked upon with contempt, as now by certain classes. Then every body will in a certain measure have a chance to follow the bent of his natural talent instead of having to drudge for

compelled to perform his share of the

common duty. Then, pulling all to-

we do now, three or four hours' labor a

ten or twelve hours a day in some uncongenial occupation. For the present state of society the labor-saving machine has not improved the lot of the average toiler. A sewingmachine may be a very useful invention to the lady in good circumstances, but the working woman who bends her spine over it for twelve hours a day has never been able to get more than a precarious living out of it. Though the benefits of labor-saving machines are immense, millions are toiling harder than ever. All the advantages have gone to those sources of wealth. Owning the soil they soon owned men's genius and controlled their product. This world as first intended by the Great Designer was well enough, but selfishness stepped in and made a mess of it.

Let those who have been despoiled of

The Theory of Coquetry.

The general formula of all coquetry consists in hiding or diminishing natural defects, in throwing good qualities into relief, or simulating them if they do not exist. In a company of men and women who have attained the period of have not attained or have even passed it, there will not, perhaps, be one individual who does not exhibit some gesture or utter some word referring to what the English happily call courtaloud the last words you used before this mirable teeth; and the Marchioness of Y-, although full of piety and mod-Qui waited impatiently many days for esty, is extremely decollette because the builder to come to his house. He her shoulders are worthy of a Juno was well fed now and had something Prince X- always wears very tight better than the bare limb of a tree for a trousers, even though it may be the

-A game cock at Ybor City, Fla., has

The Most Forrowful, Disappointing Search That Can Be Imagined.

The mourners have gone out with aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes. The hearse moves slowly away, and the kindly neighbor women left in charge of the house go about softly putting things in order and speaking in an undertone awed still by the majesty of death, although the one it has claimed has been carried forth. There is still that indefinable something in the deserted rooms that tell of the dread visitor.

"I want my mamma, I'm going to

seen my own mamma for two, free-oh, most four days. I'm going to find my

too. She's down in her own pitty room. I'm going to hunt for my mamma. Mamma! Oh, mamma! Baby wants In all this world of sadness and sor-

she kiss me good-night any more?"

"up in Heaven now."

Without Advertising, Too. "Ah, good morning!" said the early bird to the worm. "Looking for a job?" "That's what. Any thing I can do

-About 17,000 houses are added every